PUZZLED.

There lived in ancient Scribbletown a wise
old writer-man
Whose name was Homer Cicero Demosthenes McCann.
He'd written treatises and themes till "for
a change," he said,
"I think I'll write a children's book before
I go to bed."
He pulled down all his musty tomes in Latin
and in Geek;
Consulted cyclopedias and manuscripts
antique,
Essays in anthropology, studies ni counterpoise—
"For these," he said, "are useful lore for
little girls and boys."
He scribbled hard, and scribbled fast, he
burned the midnight oil,
And when he reached "The End" he felt
rewarded for his toil;
He said: "This charming Children's Book
is greatly to my credit."
And now he's sorely puzzled that no child
has ever read it.

—Carolyn Wells, in St. Nicholas.

THE HOUSE OF THE WOLF.

BY STANLEY J. WEYMAN.

CHAPTER XII.

JOY IN THE MORNING.

I was too weary with riding to go entirely without sleep. And moreover it is anxiety and the tremor of excitement which makes the pillow sleepless, not, Heaven be thanked, sorrow. God made man to lie awake and hope; but never to lie awake and grieve. An hour or two before daybreak I fell asleep, utterly worn out. When I awoke, the sun was high, and shining slantwise on our window. The room was gay with the morning rays, and soft with the morning freshness, and I lay awhile, my cheek on my hand, drinking in the cheerful influence as I had done many and many a day in our room at Caylus. It was the touch of Marie's hand, laid timidly on my arm, which roused me with a shock to consciousness. The truth broke upon me. I remembered where we were, and what was before us. "Will you get up, Anne?" Croisette said. "The vidame has sent for us."

I got to my feet, and buckled on my sword. Croisette was leaning against the wall, pale and downcast. Bure filled the open doorway, his feathered cap in his hand, a queer smile on his face. "You are a good sleeper, young gentleman," he said. "You should have a good conscience."

"Better than yours, no doubt!" I retorted, "or your master's."

He shrugged his shoulders, and, bidding us by a sign to follow him, led the way through several gloomy passages. At the end of these, a flight of stone steps leading upwards seemed to promise something better; and true enough, the door at the top being opened, the murmur of a crowd reached our ears, with a burst of sunlight and warmth. We were in a lofty room, with walls in some places painted, and elsewhere hung with tapestry; well lighted by three old pointed windows reaching to the rush-covered floor. The room was large, set here and there with stands of arms, and had a dais with a raised carved chair at one end. The ceiling was of blue, with gold stars set about it. Seeing this, I remembered the place. I had been in it once, years ago, when I had attended the vicomte on a state visit to the governor. Ah! that the vicomte were here now!

I advanced to the middle window, which was open. Then I started back, for outside was the scaffold built level with the floor, and rush-covered like it! Two or three people were lounging on it. My eyes sought Louis among the group, but in vain. He was not there; and while I looked for him I heard a noise behind me, and he came in, guarded by four soldiers with pikes.

His face was pale and grave, but perfectly composed. There was a wistful look in his eyes indeed, as if he were thinking of something or some one far away—Kit's face on the sunny hills of Quercy, where he had ridden with her, perhaps; a look which seemed to say that the doings here were nothing to him, and the parting was yonder where she was. But his bearing was calm and collected, his step firm and fearless. When he saw us, indeed his face lightened a moment and he greeted us cheerfully, even acknowledged Bure's salutation with dignity and good temper. Croisette sprang towards him impulsively, and cried his name—Croisette ever the first to speak. But before Louis could grasp his hand, the door at the bottom of the hall swung open, and the vidame came hurriedly in.

He was alone. He glanced around, his forbidding face, which was somewhat flushed as if by haste, wearing a scowl. Then he saw us, and, nodding haughtily, strode up the floor, his spurs clinking heavily on the boards. He gave us no greeting, but by a short word dismissed Bure and the soldiers to the lower end of the room. And then he stood and looked at us four, but principally at his rival: and looked, and looked with eyes of smoldering hate. And there was a silence, a long silence, while the murmur of the crowd came almost cheerfully through the window, and the sparrows under the eaves chirped and twittered, and the heart that throbbed least painfully was, I do believe, Louis de Pavannes'!

At last Bezers broke the silence.

"M. de Pavannes!" he began, speaking hoarsely, yet concealing all passion under a cynical smile and a mock politeness. "M. de Pavannes, I hold the king's commission to put to death all the Huguenots within my province of Quercy. Have you anything to say, I beg, why I should not begin with you? Or do you wish to return to the church?"

Louis shrugged his shoulders as in contempt, and held his peace. I saw his captor's great hands twitch convulsively at this, but still the vidame mastered himself, and when he spoke again he spoke slowly. "Very well," he continued, taking no heed of us, the silent witnesses of this strange struggle between the two men, but eyeing Louis only. "You have wronged me more than any man alive. Alive or dead! or dead! You have thwarted me, M. de Pavannes, and taken from me the woman I loved. Six days ago I might have killed you. I had it in my power. I had but to leave you to the rabble, remember, and you would have been rotting at Montfaucon to-day, M. de Pavannes."

"That is true," said Louis, quietly. "Why so many words?"

But the vidame went on as if he had not heard. "I did not leave you to them," he resumed, "and yet I hate you—more than I ever hated any man yet, and I am not apt to forgive. But now the time has come, sir, for my revenge! The oath I swore to your mistress a fortnight ago I will keep to the letter. I—Silence, babe!" he thundered, turning suddenly, "or I will keep my word with you, too!"

Croisette had muttered something, and this had drawn on him the glare of Bezers' eyes. But the threat was effectual. Croisette was silent. The two were left henceforth to one another.

Yet the vidame seemed to be put out by the interruption. Muttering a string of oaths, he strode back again. The cool cynicism with which he was wont to veil his anger and impose on other men, while it heightened the effect of his ruthless deeds, in part fell from him. He showed himself as he was—masterful, and violent, hating, with all the strength of a turbulent nature which had never known a check. I quailed before him myself. I confess it.

"Listen!" he continued harshly, coming back and taking his place in front of us at last, his manner more violent than before the interruption. "I might have left you to die in that hell yonder! And I did not leave you. I had but to hold my hand and you would have been torn to pieces! The wolf, however, does not hunt with the rats, and a Bezers wants no help in his vengeance from king or canaille! When I hunt my enemy down I will hunt him alone, do you hear? And as there is a Heaven above me"—he paused a moment—"if I ever meet you face to face again, M. de Pavannes, I will kill you where you stand!"

He paused, and the murmur of the crowd without came to my ears; but mingled with and heightened by some confusion in my thoughts. I struggled feebly with this, seeing a rush of color to Croisette's face, a lightening in his eyes, as if a veil had been raised from before them. Some confusion—for I thought I grasped the vidame's meaning; yet there he was still glowering on his victim with the same grim visage, still speaking in the same rough tone. "Listen, M. de Pavannes," he continued, rising to his full height and waving his hand with a certain majesty towards the window—no one had spoken. "The doors are open! Your mistress is at Caylus. The road is clear, go to her; go to her, and tell her that I have saved your life, and that I give it to you not out of love, but out of hate! If you had flinched I would have killed you, for so you would have suffered most, M. de Pavannes. As it is, take your life—a gift! and suffer as I should if I were saved and spared by my enemy!"

Slowly the full sense of his words came home to me. Slowly; not in its full completeness, indeed, until I heard Louvre in broken phrases, phrases half proud and half humble, thanking him for his generosity. Even then I almost lost the true and wondrous meaning of the thing when I heard his answer. For he cut Pavannes short with bitter, caustic gibes, spurned his proffered gratitude with insults and replied to his acknowledgments with threats.

"Go! go!" he continued to cry violently. "Have I brought you so far

"I might have left you to die in that hell yonder."

safely that you will cheat me of my vengeance at the last, and provoke me to kill you? Away! and take these blind puppies with you! Reckon me as much your enemy now as ever! And if I meet you, be sure you will meet a foe! Begone, M. de Pavannes, begone!"

"But, M. de Bezers," Louis persisted, "hear me. It takes two to—"

"Begone! begone! before we do one another a mischief!" cried the vidame, furiously. "Every word you say in that strain is an injury to me. It robs me of my vengeance. Go! in God's name!"

And we went on; for there was no change, no promise of softening in his malignant aspect as he spoke; nor any as he stood and watched us draw off slowly from him. We went one by one, each lingering after the other, striving, out of a natural desire to thank him, to break through that stern reserve: But grim and unrelenting, a picture of scorn to the last, he saw us go.

My latest memory of that strange man—still fresh after a lapse of two and fifty years—is of a huge form towering in the gloom below the state canopy, the sunlight which poured in through the windows and flooded us, falling short of him; of a pair of fierce cross eyes, that seemed to glow as they covered us; of a lip that curled as in the enjoyment of some cruel jest. And so I—and I think each of us four—saw the last of Raoul de Mar, Vidame de Bezers, in this life.

He was a man whom we cannot judge by to-day's standard; for he was such an one in his vices and his virtues as the present day does not know; one who in his time did immense evil—and if his friends be believed, little good. But the evil is forgotten; the good lives. And if all that good save one act were buried with him, that one act alone, the act of a French gentleman, would be told of him—ay! and will be told—as long as the kingdom of France, and the gracious memory of the late king, shall endure.

I see again by the simple process of shutting my eyes, the little party of five—for Jean, our servant, had rejoined us—who on that summer day rode over the hills to Caylus, threading the mazes of the holm-oaks, and galloping down the rides, and hallooing the hare from her form, but never pursuing her; arousing the nestling farmhouses from their sleepy stillness by joyous shout and laugh, and sniffing, as we climbed the hill-side again, the scent of the ferns that died crushed under our horses' hoofs—died only that they might add one little pleasure more to the happiness God had given us. Rare and sweet indeed are those few days in life, when it seems that all creation lives only that we may have pleasure in it, and thank God for it. It is well that we should make the most of them, as we surely did of that day.

It was nightfall when we reached the edge of the uplands, and looked down on Caylus. The last rays of the sun lingered with us, but the valley below was dark! so dark that even the rock about which our homes clustered would have been invisible save for the half-dozen lights that were beginning to twinkle into being on its summit. A silence fell upon us as we slowly wended our way down the well-known path.

All day we had ridden in great joy; if thoughtless, yet innocent; if selfish, yet thankful; and always blithely, with a great exultation and relief at heart, a great rejoicing for our own sakes and for Kit's.

Now with the nightfall and the darkness, now when we were near our home, and on the eve of giving joy to another, we grew silent. There arose other thoughts—thoughts of all that had happened since we had last ascended that track; and so our minds turned naturally back to him to whom we owed our happiness—to the giant left behind in his pride and power and his loneliness. The others could think of him with full hearts, yet without shame. But I reddened, reflecting how it would have been with us if I had had my way; if I had resorted in my shortsightedness to one last violent, cowardly deed, and killed him, as I had twice wished to do.

Pavannes would then have been lost—almost certainly. Only the vidame with his powerful troop—we never knew whether he had gathered them for that purpose or merely with an eye to his government—could have saved him. And few men however powerful—perhaps Bezers only of all men in Paris—would have dared to snatch him from the mob when once it had sighted him. I dwell on this now that my grandchildren may take warning by it, though never will they see such days as I have seen.

And so we clattered up the steep street of Caylus with a pleasant melancholy upon us, and passed, not without a more serious thought, the gloomy, frowning portals, all barred and shuttered, of the House of the Wolf, and under the very window, sombre and vacant, from which Bezers had incited the rabble in their attack on Pavannes' courier. We had gone by day, and we came back by night. But we had gone trembling, and we came back in joy.

We did not need to ring the great bell. Jean's cry: "Ho! Gate there! Open for my lords!" had scarcely passed his lips before we were admitted. And ere we could mount the ramp, one person outran those who came forth to see what the matter was; one outran Mme. Claude, outran old Gil, outran the hurrying servants and the welcome of the house. I saw a slender figure all in white break away from the little crowd and dart towards us, disclosing as it reached me a face that seemed still whiter than its robes, and yet a face that seemed all eyes—eyes that asked the question the lips could not frame.

I stood aside with a low bow, my hat in my hand; and said simply—it was the great effect of my life: "Voila, monsieur!"

And then I saw the sun rise in a woman's face.

The vidame de Bezers died as he had lived. He was still governor of Cahors when Henry the Great attacked it on the night of the 17th of June, 1580. Taken by surprise and wounded in the first confusion of the assault, he still defended himself and his charge with desperate courage, fighting from street to street, and house to house for five nights and as many days. While he lived Henry's destiny and the fate of France trembled in the balance. But he fell at length, his brain pierced by the ball of an arquebuse, and died an hour before sunset on the 22d of June. The garrison immediately surrendered.

Marie and I were present in this action on the side of the king of Navarre, and at the request of that prince hastened to pay such honors to the body of the vidame as were due to his renown and might serve to evince our gratitude. A year later his remains were removed from Cahors, and laid where they now rest in his own Abbey Church of Bezers, under a monument which very briefly tells of his stormy life and his valor. No matter. He has small need of a monument whose name lives in the history of his country, and whose epitaph is written in the lives of men.

NOTE.—The character and conduct of Vidame de Bezers, as they appear in the above memoir, find a parallel in an account given by De Thou of one of the most remarkable incidents in the massacre of St. Bartholomew. "Amid such examples," he writes, "of the ferocity of the city, a thing happened worthy to be related, and which may perhaps weigh in some degree against these atrocities. There was a deadly hatred, which up to this time the intervention of their friends and neighbors had failed to appease, between two men—Vezins, the lieutenant of Honoratus of Savoy, Marshal Villars, a man notable among the nobility of the province for his valor, but obnoxious to many owing to his brutal disposition (ferina natura), and Regnier, a young man of like rank and vigor, but of milder character. When Regnier, then, in the middle of that great uproar, death meeting his eye everywhere, was making up his mind to the worst, his door was suddenly burst open and Vezins, with two other men, stood before him, sword in hand. Upon this Regnier, assured of death, knelt down and asked mercy of Heaven; but Vezins, in a harsh voice, bid him rise from his prayers and mount a palfrey already standing ready in the street for him. So he led Regnier—uncertain for the time whither he was being taken—out of the city and put him on his honor to go with him without trying to escape. And together, without pausing on their journey, the two traveled all the way to Guienne. During this time Vezins honored Regnier with very little conversation: but so far cared for him that food was prepared for him at the inns by his servants: and so they came to Quercy and the castle of Regnier. There Vezins turned to him and said: 'You know how I have for a long time back sought to avenge myself on you, and how easily I might now have done it to the full, had I been willing to use this opportunity. But shame would not suffer it: and, besides, your courage seemed worthy to be set against mine on even terms. Take, therefore, the life which you owe to my kindness.'" With much more which the curious will find in the second (folio) volume of De Thou.

THE END.

"MY SON."

An Amusing Story Once Told of Alexander H. Stephens.

An amusing little incident was once told in connection with the visit of Alexander H. Stephens to Charleston, S. C., in 1839, when he appeared before the commercial convention in that city. It is one of the many stories that bear reference to the distinguished man's diminutive size. Mr. Stephens was accompanied on this visit by two well-known merchants who were his warm personal friends, and the three men went to a hotel kept at the time by an energetic, businesslike woman.

Mr. Stephens was, as usual, far from strong, and, being particularly tired, he availed himself of a comfortable lounge in the hotel parlor. Just as he was beginning to enjoy his rest the brisk landlady came in. She saw the merchants standing by the window, and some one, whom she took for a country boy, stretched at his ease on the lounge.

"My son," she said, going up to the recumbent person and speaking in a firm though perfectly kind tone, "my son, you must let the gentlemen have this seat."

The "gentlemen" and the supposed country boy had a good laugh over her mistake; but the kind-hearted landlady was much disturbed when she discovered that the one she had familiarly addressed as her "son" was the most important personage in her house and the lion of the whole city. — Youth's Companion.

Harmonious Combinations.

Black combines well with almost all colors, except those which are so lacking in brightness to be too nearly like it. Black and pale pink, blue, yellow, green, red, lavender and even rather dark shades of blue, clear brown and green are excellent combinations. Brown combines well with yellow, gold and bronze, if it is the shade of brown which has brightness. It is effective also with black and with certain tones of green. A chocolate-and-milk brown combines with old rose and the dull shades of pink. Very dark green is effective when brightened by linings or narrow trimmings of pale blue. A medium shade of green unites well with old pink. Brownish greens look well with bronze and copper color. Dark blue may be brightened by lines of bright, rich red, by lines of old rose or of clear yellow. Blue of the "electric" and "cadet" varieties is best combined with black or with figured silks in which the same shade predominates. —Detroit Free Press.

How the Earth Loses Time.

The explanation of Lord Kelvin's estimate that the "set-back" of the earth in its daily rotation around its axis amounts to 22 seconds per century is reported to be that such retardation is owing to the friction caused by the tides, the latter acting as a brake; and such action is calculated, according to the same authority, to be equal in weight to some 400,000 tons applied on the equator. Other causes, he says, have also to be taken into account, as, for example, the increase in the size of the earth, due to the falling on it of meteoric dust, which, if deposited at the rate of one foot in 4,000 years would produce the observed retardation by itself. Further, such a phenomenon as the annual growth and melting of snow and ice at the poles, by abstracting water from other parts of the ocean, introduces irregularities into the problem, the abstraction accelerating the earth's motion—the melting, by restoring the water, retarding it.—Popular Science News.

Mixed.

An Edinburgh minister preached one Sunday in a country church. At noon the elder heard one old woman say to another: "Hoo liket the sermon to-day?"

"Vera weel: but I didna ken til noo thot Sodom and Gormarrah wasna mon and wife."

The elder told the parson, who was so tickled that he told the story at his next dinner party. A simpering young woman commented: "Oh! well; I suppose they ought to have been if they were not."—Judge.

Anxious to Know.

Al Arms—Why does your father keep that ferocious dog?

Miss Neighbob—For company, I suppose.

Al Arms—His or—or yours?—N. Y. World.

THE GERMAN REICHSTAG.

As a Parliamentary Body It Is Sui Generis.

Excitement Never Is Allowed to Run High—Rights of the President—Some of the Prominent Party Leaders.

[Special Berlin Letter.]

The reichstag is a parliamentary body which is strictly sui generis. To compare it, therefore, with congress, with the English parliament, or with the French chamber of deputies, would be a hopeless task. Besides, the reichstag of to-day is not what the reichstag of the Bismarck regime was. There is a good deal less of friction with old, affable Prince Hohenlohe as chancellor than there was then; but, on the

PRINCE HOHENLOHE.
(Chancellor of the German Empire.)

other hand, there is, too, much less excitement and interest in its sessions. During this present session, for instance, there were barely four or five days which might be styled exciting. Even then, however, there is not nearly the amount of lively discussion, of noise, of abuse or of bitterness shown on the surface which, on similar occasions, may be noticed in the parliaments of other countries. It is considered bad taste to use direct, aggressive language, and even such violent opposition speakers as Eugene Richter, Bebel, Liebknecht, Lengmann, etc., usually conform to this custom and clothe their scathing criticism in words that often sound curiously moderate to outsiders. And that brings me to remark that the reichstag style of oratory is not the kind that flourishes elsewhere. It is, so to speak, impersonal, tame, objective—"sachlich," as is the technical term here. By that it is, of course, robbed of part of its direct effect, and it often reads much better in print, where the suggestive points may be pondered over at leisure, than it sounds when listened to. Generally speaking, too, the Germans are not orators. In that respect nature has endowed the Latin race much more generously, and the Anglo-Saxon or Celtic races as well. Thus, the intensely sharp and sarcastic debates of other representative bodies are seldom if ever found in the reichstag, although it may be said that party spirit runs there as high and deep, and real feeling is often more intense among its leaders. But the German is a reasoner, with a logical, argumentative mind, and that is why they appreciate a speech that is "sachlich" so much.

Their parliamentary rules are, in the main, like the American, but not so detailed nor capable of so much flexibility. That is why, on the one hand, the president of the reichstag may limit the rights of a speaker much more closely than he could in America, and, on the other hand, would be practically powerless in the hands of an adroit manipulator of the rules. But thus far, an obstructive policy, such as the home rule men under Parnell used for a time to bring England to her knees, has never been adopted systematically by any of the reichstag factions, although temporary successes might frequently have been achieved that way. Not even the scientists or the Alsatian protesters ever did that. And, with the inborn sense of fairness which characterizes the Teutonic race, it must be admitted that the dominating parties in the

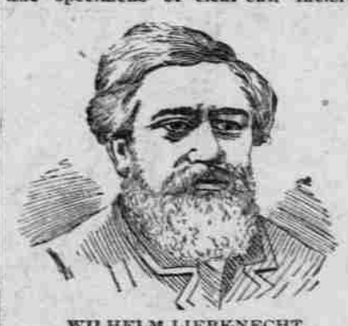
BARON VON BIEBERSTEIN.
(German Secretary of Foreign Affairs.)

reichstag, such as at present the center, the conservatives, the national liberals, have almost invariably given their opponents a "show," no matter how much it went against their grain. With few exceptions, too, the tone prevailing in the reichstag proceedings is a gentlemanly, courteous one, and, though tempers are often ruffled, particularly when some of the more radical members fling defiance of crown and power into the faces of their opponents, it rarely happens that opprobrious or insulting terms are used, and such scenes as continually happen in the Italian chamber of deputies, where blows are exchanged and the leaders of the whilom government are called "thieves," "bandits," "cutthroats," etc., are unknown in the reichstag.

The session hall is a very fine one, and the immense cupola sheds plenty of light while day lasts, while the hundreds of incandescent lights effulgently illuminate the scene evenings. Beautifully carved oaken panelings surround the walls and all the rest of the woodwork is of the same material. The space allotted, however, to each delegate is much smaller than in congress.

The speaker—or, as he is here called, the president—of the reichstag occupies an immense throne-like seat, and has a gigantic desk in front of him. He uses no gavel, but the bell, one about the size of a cowbell, and can make noise enough with it, I warrant, to drown the shouts of even the most obstreperous orator. The present presiding officer, Baron Buol von Berenberg, however, is as mild-mannered a man as ever cut off a speaker, and he dislikes interfering. In this he is vastly aided by a natural defect, for he is hard of hearing, and so it not infrequently happens that a cunning orator gets in sidewise, by talking in a rather low voice, remarks which would not otherwise be tolerated by the president, such as criticisms on the emperor, etc. Below the president are the secretaries; they keep track of the list of speakers, and the official stenographers occupy another immense row of desks just below them. In a line with the president's desk are the seats of the government representatives and of the bundesrath, or federal council, a body resembling somewhat our senate, and being coordinate with the reichstag itself, its members being the emissaries of each state government. When the chancellor speaks he does so always from his seat, about three feet below and in a line with the president's. As the acoustics of the session hall, however, are anything but perfect—the wood panels deadening and swallowing up the sound—a speech of importance is always the sign for all the interested members to rise from their seats and form a sort of semicircle below around the speaker. The rule is that each speaker is to ascend the speaker's tribune, or stand, and thence deliver his words. But this rule is, unfortunately, a dead letter and is never enforced, so that all those who wish speak from their seats. As in the reporters' gallery such speeches can be heard only when coming from the further side of the house—and even then but imperfectly—but not at all when arising from that part of the hall immediately below the gallery, the reports published by the newspapers and correspondence syndicates generally vary greatly, and often the meaning of a whole speech is misunderstood up there.

The most brilliant and at the same time convincing speaker the imperial government now possesses, so far as appearance in the reichstag is concerned, is Baron Marschall von Bieberstein, the foreign secretary. Some of the speeches he made last winter were fine specimens of clear-cut, incisive



WILHELM LIEBKNECHT.
(Head of the German Socialist Party.)

logic, and in the matter of arguing with an opponent he is even better than Bismarck, whose sledge-hammer eloquence always aimed at immediately silencing and obliterating an adversary, instead of refuting or answering him. On the conservative side Count Mirbach and Baron Manteuffel are the readiest and most powerful speakers, while Baron Stunner, the emperor's friend, is too impulsive and hot-headed in his talk, and thus lays himself open to attack all the while. Count Herbert Bismarck, the old chancellor's eldest, has not inherited the masterful eloquence of his father, and his remarks are usually brief, though to the point. An orator who in his own insidious way is inimitable, and who is a bad man to tackle for anybody, since he is the acknowledged leader of the numerically most formidable faction, the center with its 160 votes, is Dr. Lieber, a handsome, smooth, courteous man of somewhat Jesuitical appearance. Of the socialists—who only number 48 now in the reichstag, although their voting strength at the polls is the largest of any party—Bebel, Auer, Liebknecht, Vollmar, are the ablest speakers. When Vollmar rises in his might and one looks at his classic profile and aristocratic bearing—he is, by right, Baron von Vollmar, and is a man of wealth and a former officer in the Bavarian army who earned his lame leg and his iron cross at Orleans in 1870—one wonders how such a man came among the restless, bitter horde of socialists. In speaking, too, he always remains the gentleman of blue blood, and that makes his bitter satire all the more galling to emperor and government.

But a better speaker yet is Bebel, who fairly thrills his audience when he is at his best. His sentences then pour out with volcano-like vehemence and burning fire. His face is that of the refined, meditative proletarian who owes his whole education to himself. Old Leibknecht, now past 70, is the veteran of the socialists, and now somewhat prosy and occasionally dull, though not many years ago he was the best speaker on the socialist side.

Other good speakers and men of political influence are Prince Arenberg, of the center, Liebermann von Sonnenberg, the leader of the anti-Semites, Baron von Hodenberg, the Guelph leader, and above all, Levymann, Richter and Rickert. Eugene Richter was, during the Bismarck regime, far-famed because of his doughty opposition to the iron chancellor, but to-day, under the milder sway of Hohenlohe, he has lost a good deal of his vim and virus.

WOLF VON SCHIERBRAND.

The new mint at Philadelphia will cost $1,652,000.